Henry M. Aunt
1894.

Montreal, March 16, 1894

McGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

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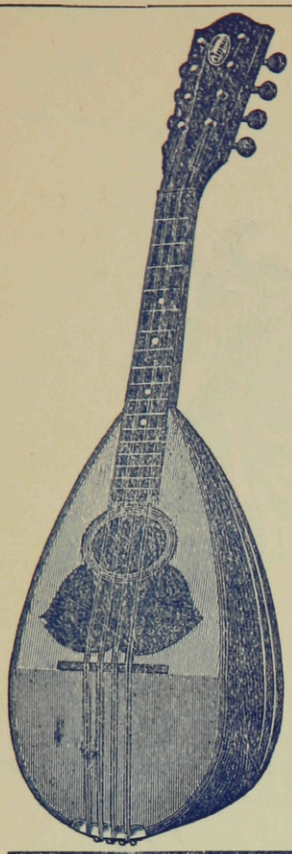

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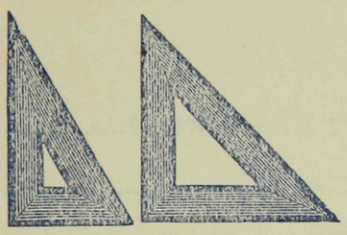

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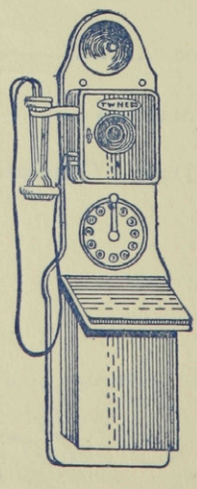

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McGILL FORTNIGHTLY

A Fortnightly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Event.

VOL. II. MONTREAL, MARCH 16, 1894. NO. 12

McGill Fortnightly.

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The MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY is published by the Students of the University on the Friday of every second week during the College Session.

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

FAREWELLS.

It is with sincere regret that the Editors sever the pleasant relations that have existed between themselves and their readers. For the past six months, characters of different kinds have been flitting hither and thither upon our little stage, with, we trust, interest and profit to the audience. Now the curtain falls, and our task is ended. It is no easy matter to conduct a college paper as it should be conducted. This we very quickly discovered. Of course there are many and diverse opinions on this question. This is but natural and proper, for interests frequently lie in different directions, and individuality within certain limits has an important place in the human economy. Any educational institution, be it University or otherwise, which turns out men just as a machine turns out tacks,—one just like another,—is on the wrong tack: no joke intended. In McGill, however, this individuality has ample scope, and we must expect to find different ideas on all subjects of College interest. In the case of the FORTNIGHTLY we have heard very few adverse criticisms, although we hardly know whether to rejoice at this or not. In our pages an endeavour has been made to meet this diverse taste in our readers. "The greatest good to the greatest number" has been our motto. We ask our readers, therefore, not to judge our work by one particular issue, but to consider all, and draw conclusions from them. Only in this way can a fair estimate be made. These pages have been the concentrated product of the "think-works" of the staff. We are not quite infallible, however, much as we regret it, and are quite ready to admit that a few mistakes have been made. If so, we crave the indulgence of our readers. It has been a labour of love with us; and as it is the result of much thought and trouble, we trust that we have obtained the approbation of our readers.

On looking back upon the history of the paper for the past session, certain considerations affecting its welfare present themselves. When it was proposed to revive the old *University Gazette*, the idea was taken up with great avidity by all the Students. The success of this re creation in the first year was marked. Realizing that the second year of its career was a testing one, the Editors have bestirred themselves to bring it to the greatest pitch of perfection of which they were capable. Apart from the literary excellence of the paper, which it would be invidious to comment upon, if the number of subscriptions can be taken as a criterion, the paper is even more successful than before. It devolves, therefore, upon our successors to enhance this progress.

This year we have introduced engravings in our articles, and this, we venture to think, is an improvement. Students who have few spare moments in the lecture room in which they can indulge their taste for things literary generally like something that will catch the eye, and pictures do this better than anything else. In future issues this idea might be more developed with advantage. Much has been done this year to push the paper among outsiders. The result has been to make it pay; but apart from actually benefiting the paper this must of necessity bring the University into greater prominence, and so far is something to be aimed at. It is regrettable that we cannot count more graduates among our subscribers. It is perhaps hard to reach them, but it might be advisable next year to send a small printed card advertising the FORTNIGHTLY, to all those whose addresses can be obtained. With respect to our contributors, we venture to express the hope that in the future their number

will be increased. Those who have assisted us this year have certainly done nobly, but they were comparatively few. This state of affairs might be improved. We desire to express our thanks to those who have so kindly contributed to our columns, especially to Mr. R. McDougall, M.A., and to Mr. Henry Mott, the assistant librarian of the University, to whose uniform courtesy and generosity the FORTNIGHTLY owes so much.

The FORTNIGHTLY is now on a paying basis, and has every prospect of continued success. To keep up its reputation, however, it must always be run in a business way. The students can hardly be expected to support their paper out of pure patriotism. They must be interested; and whether this is done or not depends largely upon the Board of Editors, who should always be of broad and liberal views, and who should do their work with a single eye to the honor and welfare of the paper, the subscribers, and the University. The FORTNIGHTLY should be a perfect reflection of University life in all its phases, ready to recognize everything which has a legitimate claim upon its attention. It is essential, therefore, that all its machinery should work smoothly, if the best results are to be attained. These relations have been, during the past session, of the most pleasant kind, and augur well for the future. We now drop from our hands the reins of power, in confident expectation that our successors will be imbued with the same sentiments with which we ourselves have been animated, and will do all that lies in their power to enhance the welfare of the FORTNIGHTLY for which we have worked faithfully, and in the success of which we shall always feel the deepest interest.

In taking our final leave, perhaps we may be permitted, like our old friend Silas Wegg, to "drop into poetry," in the following lines which we owe to the kindness of Mr. Henry Mott:—

VALEDICTORY.

INDULGENT FRIENDS! Our yearly work is done;
The goal we touch, the victory is won.
Strong was the hope and strong the moving cause,
To reach that goal with honour and applause.

Defects are the exception, not the rule,
In any well-conducted Editorial School.
How broad the field that here before us lies,
Where thoughts in never-ending progress rise!

A never-ending work of new creations,
A vast, a boundless range of combinations!
We grant misfortune may perform a part,
Depress the resolution, chill the heart;

With gloom and darkness shroud the future life,
And make the prize seem hardly worth the strife.
Yet, still, success is mainly in the man;
Whoever says he will, will find he can.

A varied social life we here embrace;
See true politeness beam on every face;
And see in every student, if you scan,
The perfect lady—perfect gentleman.

From golden rule, the wrong we here eschew;
We learn the just, we learn the good and true.
In public spirit, too, our souls aspire;
We feel the glow of patriotic fire.

While other sterling virtues here expand,
We learn to love our own, our native land.
Its manly freedom here we learn to cherish;
Oh! far the day when Liberty shall perish!

While thus the subject vast before us lies—
From outer earth to yonder vaulted skies;
While we the harvest proudly gather now,
Like tempting burden on the autumn bough;

Yes, patrons, friends! Your gracious kindness here
Has crowned the many labours of the year:
Their fruits upon the future age shall tell;
Oh! may ye live to see them.

FARE YE WELL.

The Staff of the FORTNIGHTLY for the session 1894–'95 will be as follows:—

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IN MY EASY CHAIR.

"*I am a gleaner after Time.*"

I closed my gossip in the last number of the FORTNIGHTLY with the announcement that I had jotted down some other *memories* for future use; and as the Magazine closes for this season with the present number, I am tempted to produce one or two, which I hope may be acceptable. I must tell that away back in the *forties* I was on terms of intimate friendship with two or three artists and wood-engravers, who worked on *Punch*, and we met frequently, spending our evenings at each other's houses, and we had one rule which was imperative, viz.,— that on each evening of our meetings, a new song should be sung by one of the company present. I call to mind that on one occasion we were amused with the following metrical version of some of the chapters of *Humphry Clinker*, which I give from memory, only saying that it is as nearly complete as I can make it:—

"Of ancient bards to sing in praise of heroes, is the way go;
But I will sing the life and times of Lieutenant Lismahago
In Scotland's bleak and northern clime, his life he did begin it,
But though he loved his native land, he didn't stop long in it.

"But he set sail under Admiral Hawke, with the wind in a stormy quarter,
And when the ship was under way, he thought it was under water;
And when arrived in America, to gratify a *penchant*,
He wore a sword, 'twas four feet long, for glory and a pension.

"One day as they were firing shots at a target on the turf, he
Was taken by the Potowats, along with Ensign Murphy.
But Murphy dodged behind some trees, so fleet that they well-nigh lost him,
These funny Potowattamees they thought they'd better roast him.

"And when the chief, who was head cook, was curing him on the turf, he
Said, 'We are not the only ones who are fond of a *roasted* "*Murphy*."'
But for Lismahago a different fate, for instead of getting a roaster,
He was declared bridegroom elate of the lovely squaw Squinkinacoosta."

He then describes the personal charms of the bride, her paint and her ornaments, etc., and says :

"'Twould have puzzled Dr. Brewster
To tell if the eyes were green or blue of the lovely squaw Squinkinacoosta.
Her ear-rings were of hickory thorn, of the size and shape of drumsticks,
And wampum her bracelets did adorn, the gift of her father, Rumrix.
"He lived for two years, so happy, and more, along with his lovely squaw dear,
When she fell sick after a very long ride, and died of a surfeit of raw bear ;
But she left him a hatchet and two Scotch mulls, and a piccaninny's rattle,
And a breakfast service made of skulls that her father had taken in battle.
"And so, you see, his early life, though humble he did begin it,
He found he was the *left-tenant* of a wigwam and everything in it."

I may say that on these occasions I became acquainted with some of the cleverest patter songs that I ever met with, and several of them I call to memory with pleasure; but I fear I am growing tedious, and prefer to close with some verses, which were written in the album of a member of my own family by Eliza Cook, and have, I believe, been published only once before :—

TIME! TIME! WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

My forehead is smooth, not a wrinkle is yet
To be found as the tell-tale of life's waning years ;
Not a hair has turned grey, not a record is set,
That proclaims a long journey through trials and tears.
Oh ! mine is the season when spirit and thought
Should have little of earth but its sunshine and flowers ;
With joy to look back on, joy still to be sought,
And Mirth and Hope laughingly crowning the hours.
But though short be the tenor I've held from above,
Enough of dark sands in that tenor have run
To bid my soul cry o'er the wrecks of its love,
"Time ! Time ! what hast thou done ?"

Changes have passed that I weep to behold
Over all that was dear to my childhood and youth,
Warm hearts are estranged, friendly hands have grown cold,
And the lips I once trusted are warped from the truth.
My affection, that burnt like the God-serving flame
On the purest of altars that love could illume,
Lives on, but now worships a form and a name
That is wrapped in a shroud-robe and carved on a tomb.
Oh ! the world has too soon dropped its fairy-tinged mask,
For the dearest of ties have been torn one by one,
Till my heart and my memory tremble to ask,
"Time ! Time ! what hast thou done ?"

I make my bow for this season, hoping that my gossip may not have been unduly egotistical, and shall be well pleased if my young friends may think well enough of my effusions to induce them to say in the words of Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" :—
"*Let him roar again, let him roar again.*"

H.M.

A LEGEND.

Perhaps no literature is so rich in "legendary storie of nurses and old women" as the German ; and although the following seems to be cast in German mould, the origin is extremely doubtful.

Many years ago there lived in the fine old castle Wissenschaft one Baron von Gebieter, along with his wife and family of numerous sons and daughters. There was a custom, of old standing in the country, that each child should, on attaining a certain age, set out to earn his or her "Ruf." This "Ruf" could not be purchased by money, influence, or any of those devices so potent in modern times, but was to be had only at the expense of individual, strenuous effort.

For many months the head of this home had been detained in foreign parts, and the time had now come for a dear and loved son to set out ; and although a father's blessing would be denied him, he comforted himself that a mother's prayer and kiss could still be his.

Shortly before his departure, he offended the Baroness his mother by indulging in some boyish pranks, and that so deeply, that she refused utterly to see him before he set out. The youth, grieved to the heart, shut himself up in his room, refusing to be comforted, and as the day drew nearer when he should leave to go forth lonely and unforgiven, his brothers and sisters renewed their entreaties to the stern "white mother" that he should be received back into favor, but to no avail : the more they pleaded with her, the more determined was she in her resolution that her dearly loved boy should not receive her farewell kiss. It might be years ere he returned, and at the thought agony rent her heart, but false pride sealed her lips, while nightly her pillow was bathed in tears.

At last the night had come whose dawn would see her (as she thought him now) dearest child depart, and as she sought her couch, sleep was as far from her burning eyelids as rest was from her weary heart. Hour after hour she lay awake, and as the old bell in the court softly tolled the passing hours, her heart seemed almost bursting with the fierce conflict of her conditions.

But hark ! The sound of softly approaching footsteps from down the long corridor fall upon her straining ear. She knows the foot-fall well : it is her boy's. Nearer and nearer it comes until it reaches her door, then stops. "Mother," says the boy, "will you not forgive me ere I go from you, perhaps forever?" A sob breaks from her lips, but steeling her heart against all natural impulses, sternly she makes reply : "Never! Go, unworthy child of thire ancestors, without a father's blessing or a mother's kiss." Then one long, shuddering, never-to-be-forgotten moan reaches the unhappy mother's ears, and she feels she has killed her boy. With one piercing shriek she springs to the door, wrenches it open, only to find that she had been the victim of a hideous nightmare. Cold beads of perspiration stand upon her forehead, and her limbs refuse to bear their burden, and she falls prostrate across the threshold, swooning. The strange part of the legend is that branded in the oaken floor of the corridor can be seen the name of her once unforgiven but very dear son "Valedictory."

A. D. LANOD.

A HOLIDAY TRIP UP THE EAST COAST OF BRITAIN—*Concluded.*

"London at last!" was my cry as we emerged from the station into the busy thoroughfare. It would take a much more skilful pen than mine to describe the wonders of the "great village,"—a whole library of books and a life-time would be required. In a short stay of ten days only the surface could be glanced at, and that imperfectly. Perhaps the most imposing thing in the whole of London is Westminster Abbey, with its hallowed associations. From the time when the little church of St. Peter was miraculously consecrated, down to the time of its present glory, it is inextricably associated with the life and history of the nation, and is a worthy resting-place for Britain's honoured dead. The Abbey on close inspection is rather the worse for time, but is nevertheless very imposing. Emerson's description of architecture, as "frozen music," aptly applies to it. As you enter and hear the great waves of melody from the organ reverberating through the lofty aisles, surrounded as you are by the remains of the illustrious dead, man feels his insignificance in a measure that few other buildings could produce. The Poet's Corner is of course the first thing that everybody looks for. I noticed a beautiful fresh wreath of flowers upon the grave of Dickens, showing in what a manner he is enshrined in the hearts of the people. Henry VII's Chapel in the Perpendicular style is much admired for the elegant fan tracery of the roof.

Outshone by the greater glory of the Abbey, close beside it nestles the little church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is interesting as the resting-place of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was beheaded close by in the Palace Yard. The church contains some fine stained-glass windows, one of them to the memory of Caxton, the printer. Passing up Whitehall to Trafalgar Square, we "took in" the National Gallery. It would take more time than the average traveller has to spare to adequately view the wonders in this collection. I was heretic enough to prefer the English and Dutch schools to all the gilded madonas and saints of the Italians. At the east side of the square is the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, celebrated chiefly for its magnificent Greek portico. In it are the remains of Nell Gwynne, Roubilliac, the sculptor, and other celebrities. Passing eastward along the Strand you come to the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, and further on that of St. Clement Danes, where Dr. Samuel Johnson used to worship. I went into this church and sat in the old Doctor's pew, whereat I felt much improved. Many of the churches in this part of London are the work of Wren, and were erected after the great fire. Owing to the lack of money, Wren was compelled to lavish his genius on the most prominent part of these edifices,—the steeple. Some of Wren's spires, especially that of St. Mary-le-Bon, are very fine. Passing through a narrow passage out of Fleet street, I took a ramble throught the Temple, which has been compared to a large cheese tunneled through and through. Many famous men lived here, among them Johnson, Goldsmith, and Blackstone. Their houses can still be seen. The most interesting object is the Temple Church. It is composed of two parts,—a round and an oblong. The Round Church was consecrated in 1185 and the nave in 1240. It is the largest of the four round churches in England, and narrowly escaped destruction in the great fire of 1666. Its carved Norman doorway is very beautiful, and the church itself contains the tombs of many of the Templars. As the name implies, the Temple was the residence of the Knights-Templar. This Society being suppressed in 1312, the domain passed into the hands of the Knights-Hospitallers, who demised it to certain professors of the common law. Since then the Temple has been one of the great teaching schools of law. The church is the only part that remains of the original buildings. Near the church is the tomb of Goldsmith. In the Middle Temple is the famous Elizabethan Hall, begun in 1562. It has a firm timber roof. In this hall Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was first produced. Not far away is the famous Fountain Court. Here the Lancastrians and the Yorkists plucked the red and white roses which were to be their badges in the coming struggle.

Som. Let him, that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

All will remember the scene in "Martin Chuzzlewit" when Ruth goes to meet her lover in Fountain Court.

"Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim, and vanished." A quiet nook is this, and one can dream an hour or two away very comfortably, away from the din of the great city which cannot penetrate into these retreats. In Fleet street, not far from the Temple lane, is one of the old Elizabethan houses with projecting stories. Here the poet Drayton lived. At the top of Ludgate Hill rises the grimy structure of St. Paul's. It seems as if it was striving to emerge from the darkness and gloom of earth to a purer and more perfect atmosphere. Inside it is so bare of ornament that it seems harsh and cold. The Wellington Memorial by Stevens in one of the side chapels is a fine piece of work. The crypt contains the tombs of Nelson, Wellington, Wren, Turner and other great ones.

Passing along Cannon street, we notice in the wall of St. Swithin's Church the "London Stone," encaged in iron. It is supposed that this was a Roman milliarium. On it Jack Cade smote with his sword, saying, "Now is Mortimer lord of the city."

An interesting place to which I made a special visit was the graveyard of Bunhill Fields in Finsbury. Here lie buried Daniel Defoe, John Bunyan, Susannah Wesley, Isaac Watts and a lot of others. Daniel Defoe is remembered by a tall column erected by the school-children of England. Returning, I passed though Smithfield, that place so often lit with the glare of martyr-fires. On the south side of London Bridge is the interesting church of St. Saviour's, Southwark. It was the church of the Priory of St. Mary Overy, and has a long history. It has been much spoilt by restorations, but the Lady Chapel is in its original state. This contains a fine tomb to Foxe, Bishop of Winchester. In this chapel Gardiner

tried Ridley, Latimer, and others of the early reformers. The most interesting tomb is that of the "moral Gower." His effigy is reclining with a very doleful expression, his head upon his three books. In the churchyard are the remains of Edmund Shakespeare, the poet's brother, and of Massinger. In the Borough High street, not far away, is the "White Hart," where Pickwick discovered Sam Weller.

It was with reluctance that I tore myself away from London, but still it was to seek pastures new.

Leaving the dock one fine afternoon, we proceeded to make our way down the Thames, nearly making matchwood of a little steamer that happened to be in the way, in the process. Just below London, about Blackwall and Greenwich, the river does not look very inviting. The hosts of warehouses and dockyards totally ruin the scene from an æsthetic point of view. At Greenwich is to be seen the great Hospital with its noble park, and celebrated Observatory at the top of the hill. At Parfleet, Erith and Northfleet are some of England's old "wooden walls," great battleships of the times of Nelson, which are now used for the more peaceful purpose of training-ships. Dropping our pilot at Gravesend, we were soon to sea, making for the North. Night coming on, very little of interest was seen till Scarborough was reached. This is a very fashionable watering-place. A lofty promontory juts out into the sea, on the top of which are the ruins of a castle. William Le Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Holderness, its first known governor, is said to have built it in 1136, but there was probably a castle here before that. The old name of the town was Skardeburge, "the town on the cliff," and the name shews the influence of the Danish settlements. The town was ravaged and burnt both by Tosti, Count of Northumberland, and Harold Hardrada. It was taken possession of by Henry II, and for some time was a royal residence. George Fox, the quaker, was imprisoned at Scarborough in 1655. Our next objective point was "high Whitby's cloistered pile." Whitby is to-day little more than a sea-faring town, but has an interesting history. Most of its romance clings about St. Hilda's Abbey, the imposing remains of which are still to be seen at the top of the lofty cliff. Whitby was known to the Saxons as *Streoneshalh*, or "Holy Treasury." The celebrated Abbess Hilda was the grand-niece of Edwin, king of Northumberland. In 658 A.D. the Abbey was founded by Oswy, the then king, in fulfilment of a vow for a great victory gained over Penda, the Pagan king of Mercia. The monastery was an establishment for monks and nuns of the Benedictine order. The daughter of Oswy, Edelfleda, was here dedicated to the service of God, and afterwards adorned the Abbey with great magnificence. In 664 a synod was held in Whitby, to determine the time for keeping Easter and the shape of the tonsure. In 867, town and abbey were both destroyed by the Danes. In 1074 the Abbey was destroyed by Reinfrid, and eventually came into the hands of the Crown in 1539.

It is said that on certain occasions a spectre may be seen hovering about the ruins—"the very form of Hilda fair." At the foot of the cliffs are to be found many Ammonites. The story goes that these are snakes which infested the Abbey rock, and at the prayer of St. Hilda they were beheaded and curled up.

They tell, too,

> "How sea-fowls' pinions fail,
> As over Whitby's towers they sail,
> And sinking down with flutterings faint,
> They do their homage to the saint."

This occurrence is a fact, but admits of a very simple explanation. It will be remembered that Caedmon, who wrote the Pharaphrase of the Bible, was a poor herdsman at Whitby during the life of Hilda, who eventually educated him, till he became a monk.

Late in the afternoon we reached Sunderland, where the steamer remained till the next morning. Unfortunately the time for seeing the town and its neighbourhood was so short that little in the way of sight-seeing could be done. The town contains a pleasant park, and many interesting places are in the immediate vicinity.

> "And now the vessel skirts the strand
> Of mountainous Northumberland."

The Priory at Tynemouth soon came in sight. Tynemouth was anciently a fortress of the Saxons, and from remains it has been thought that there was a Roman station there. The first church was of wood, and was built by Edwin, king of Northumberland. It was rebuilt by Oswald, and was frequently besieged by the Danes. In 1074 it became a cell of Durham; Malcolm III of Scotland and his son, slain at Alnwick Castle, were buried in the monastery. Earl Mowbray converted the priory into a castle to defend it against William Refus. The castle was besieged during the civil war. There remains now little more than the ruined keep. Skirting the coast we next came to "Dunstanborough's caverned shore." There are to be seen considerable vestiges of what must have been once a very imposing fortress. It was built by Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, in the reign of Edward II. It was finally dismantled by the Yorkists.

Some miles further along the coast is Bamborough, "King Ida's castle huge and square." The ruins stand upon a perpendicular rock about 150 feet high. According to the Saxon chronicles, it was erected in 547 by King Ida of Northumberland, who called it Bebbanburh after his Queen Bebbe. It was besieged by Penda of Mercia, and frequently attacked by the Danes. For many years it was the residence of the kings of Northumberland. Refus besieged it in 1095, when he brought the captive Earl, Robert Mowbray, before the walls, and threatened to put out his eyes unless the countess would give up the place, which was done forthwith. The castle fell into ruin in the reign of Henry VII. The proceeds of the castle and manor are now invested for the benefit of wrecked seamen.

Soon we reached the Forne Islands, the scene of Grace Darling's heroic deed. The largest of these is Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, with its monastery, "a solemn, huge and dark red pile, placed on the margin of the isle." This island is intimately bound up with the early history of Christianity in England. In the early days it was the seat of the see of Durham. The monastery was founded by Oswald in 635; St. Aidan was its first Bishop, and came from the monastery of Iona, at the request of Oswald. Much of its fame was derived from its connection with the name of St. Cuthbert, the sixth bishop of Durham. His body, after numerous wanderings, now rests in Durham Cathedral. Among the rocks of Lindisfarne are to

be found numerous Eutrochi. The legend goes that during the night St. Cuthbert sits upon a rock, and forges there, using another rock as an anvil.

"Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold,
And hear his anvil sound:
A deadened clang—a huge, dim form,
Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
And night were closing round."

The ruins of the monastery are of Saxon date, and still considerable. There are evidences, however, of later restorations in the pointed windows which are seen in some places. The building suffered much from the incursions of the Danes.

"In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row on row,
On ponderous columns, short and low."

The view of this part of the country is very striking, with the numerous islands in the foreground, and the Cheviots in bold outline in the distance.

Soon, however, the lovely picture became fainter, and the steamer made for the north, and before long was out of sight of land. Early next morning we were abreast of Wick in Caithness.

The name *Wick* is Norse, and means "a bay"; in fact, the history of this part of Scotland is very closely interwoven with that of the early sea-kings. The places in this part nearly all have Scandinavian names. The word Caithness itself shews its origin plainly, the *Ness* or cape of the Catti, a tribe mentioned in Tacitus. Noss Head, a bold cape just north of Wick, also shows its derivation. On this cape are the remains of Sinclair Castle and Girnigo Castle. A number of these structures of very ancient date are still to be found on this coast. Wick, Girnigo and Keiss are the oldest, and are supposed to date back to Scandinavian times. All this coast is very picturesque, and the action of the sea has curved the land into a number of striking capes, some of them of awful grandeur. The rock is chiefly red sandstone and slate. The sandstone goes sooner under the resistless might of the sea, and in many places there stand out huge pinnacles of rock, like giant teeth waiting to devour the first unlucky ship that falls into their fangs. In other places, again, the sea has worn caves, called gyoes, which pass inland for a quarter of a mile or so, and then open upon the surface. During storms the sea enters them with great violence, and great torrents of water are driven up into the air at the far end, resembling the blowing of a whale. Duncansby Head, the easternmost point, is a huge precipice, of semicircular outline, and about two miles in extent. It rises sheer from the sea, a huge perpendicular cliff of red sandstone, gnawed and gnarled by the waves, and full of caverns. Off the point are the Stacks, three huge pinnacles of rock that stand out bare and red from the mainland.

At the entrance to the Pentland Firth are the two Skerries with two lighthouses, guarding the entrance to the channel. The early name of the Pentland was the Pightland Firth, and the origin of the name is said to be as follows: The Picts were defeated by the Scots in a great battle, and fled to Duncansby, whence they crossed to the Orkneys. Being resisted by the natives, they attempted to recross the Firth, and were all drowned in the flood. The Pentland is noted for its strong current, and when the tide is running fast, the water is eddied and churned like a whirlpool.

At the entrance lies the island of Stroma, "the island in the current." Our course lay between it and Swona, and to our left we could easily make out John O'Groat's House, the site of which is now occupied by a hotel. Dunnet Head was the next striking feature to the view. It forms the northernmost point of Scotland. The height averages two hundred feet, but near the point the cliff rises to three hundred. There are a number of small locks upon the summit. Only thirty feet from the crest of the precipice is the lighthouse; it is the highest lighthouse in Scotland, and its height above the highest tides is three hundred and forty-six feet. "The faces of the rocks are hollowed into gaping caverns, when the waves thunder in, and roll along the gyoes far inland. The leap of the waves is only exceeded by their rebound seaward again. They rush up the face of the rock like a pack of hounds, and spread themselves along the summit in blinding showers of spray." Notwithstanding the height of the cliff, it is said that the waves carry up stones with sufficient force to break the lanterns of the lighthouse. At this station we signalled our farewell before setting out again across the Atlantic. Thurso next came in sight. The scenery is grand. To use the words of Smiles: "Thurso Bay, whether in fair or foul weather, is a grand sight. On the eastern side, the upright cliffs of Dunnet Head run far to the northward, forming the most northerly point of the Scottish mainland. On the west, a high crest of land juts out into the sea, forming at its extremity the bold, precipitous rocks of Holborn Head. Looking out of the bay you see the Orkney Islands in the distance, the Old Man of Hoy standing up at its western promontory. At sunset the light glints along the island, shewing the bold prominences and depressions in the red sandstone cliffs. Out into the ocean the distant sails of passing ships are seen against the sky, white as a gull's wing." This whole coast is classic ground. It abounds in recesses which were once the retreats of old Vikings. Wrapped about the Orkneys is the romance of days long gone, almost before the range of history. In later days the district has been brought into prominence through the researches of Dick, the baker-nationalist, Murchison, and Hugh Miller. For a poetic mind this region must always have a great fascination. Here we have Nature in her wildest and most uncontrollable forms, the scenery everything to stimulate. Upon the left the crags of Caithness and its iron-bound shore, with the song of many waters; on the right, the Orkneys, the Ultima Thule of the Romans, with their entrancing associations; before us the great Atlantic, stretching free to Labrador, "boundless, endless and sublime."

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

The vision faded all too soon ; the rock-bound coast sank gradually into the wave ; and as the white mists began to chase each other about the summit of the Old Man of Hoy and about Cape Wrath, our good ship ploughed her way westward into the mighty Atlantic bound for the shores of Canada.

A. G. NICHOLLS.

"LA MAIN DE DIEU."

There is perhaps no part of Canada which affords grander scenery to the tourist or traveller than some parts of the regions of the Upper Ottawa, more especially at that point where the river turns sharply from the northern boundary of civilization, and leads the traveller who traces it up back into the lumber country below Lake Temiscamingue, beyond the lake up to the height of land and Lake Abetibbi, a section of Canada known, one might almost say, only to the Indians, the Hudson Bay Company employees and a few devoted adherents of moose hunting. Mattawa is the last settlement of any importance on the river, and it is here that the lumberman bids good-bye to the world when he starts for his winter's work up the river. The town itself was originally a Hudson Bay post, though the Company has not now the exclusive enjoyment of trade which it once possessed ; and uninteresting though it may appear from an æsthetic point of view, it has witnessed many a scene of thrilling interest, and the proverbial oldest inhabitant has a large stock of tales about the lawlessness of the lumbermen in the old days, and many a tragedy has been enacted in the locality when they have come down in hordes from the backwoods after the cutting season was over.

Some distance up the eastern shore of the river, above Mattawa, is a stretch of land called the "Devil's Garden." No name could be given which would do more justice to the place and to the wild scenery. The whole of a former forest, rotted and fallen by age and decay, lies in a tangled mass upon the ground, while a new growth of stalwart trees takes its place. These old trunks, twisted and knotted in a most wonderful manner, form the main floor upon which the traveller walks. It is a flower well worthy of a Devil's Garden, carpeted as it is with a growth of poisoned ivy and stinging nettles. The reputed diabolical character of the place is further sustained by the presence of a huge gloomy cliff, which rises at the back of the garden about one hundred yards from the river. This cliff, steep and high, is draped with the same soft, treacherous plants as those which cover the ground. The fact that, in some parts of the garden, and especially at a place on the top of the cliff exceedingly difficult of access, are found onions and potatoes growing and flourishing amidst a variety of wild vegetation of all sorts, is the reason for the name long since given to this spot, and many a *shantyman*, especially in older days, has believed firmly in the fact that these have been planted by Old Nick himself, and that they would cause swift and sudden death to the mortal who dared to eat them. It was in this garden that the summer of 188— found me engaged in a party surveying the Upper Ottawa for a proposed railway. The country was wild in the extreme, and this was the first time that the axe of civilization had attacked it since its devastation by the old shantymen many years before. More than one of the axemen in our party had felt an unpleasant emotion at entering on the Devil's Garden, for the superstition they had received from their fathers was strong in them still, although they laughed and joked about finding his Satanic Majesty at dinner and joining him at his repast. Among these axemen was a Frenchman, an old, old man, though still retaining his strength and activity ; he had been engaged principally from his knowledge of the country, and was also supposed to assist in the lighter work of the party. Early in the expedition he was assigned to the task of carrying the level which I was running, for a life-long training had made him surefooted and reliable in walking through the dense forests, while want of experience necessitated my giving my whole attention to myself. He was a strange character this old Jacques Bonin, and, unlike his compatriots in the party, moody and silent as a rule; and when the day was over, instead of joining his companions in a game of *Pedro*, he was generally found outside the tent, smoking his old clay pipe and gazing intently into the bonfire as if he were recalling the scenes of his old lumbering days. A liberal sharing of my town-bought tobacco and perhaps a little more kindness than was absolutely necessary in dealing with him made the old level carrier and myself great friends, and it was from him that I learnt many different stories of the "shantyman's" life when the work, even now a wearisome and hard one, was accompanied not only with many dangers, but engaged in by the very worst and most criminal of men.

When we reached the Devil's Garden, old Jacques became anxious and more moody than ever ; and, as we progressed through the clearing made in the tangled tree trunks, I noticed him disappearing every time that I took the level from his shoulder. I supposed at first that he was looking about to get some of the famous onions or potatoes, but made no remark to him. On the second day of our work in the garden, Jacques and I, who were some distance behind the transit and chaining party, reached a slight bend in the river, and he became quite excited, and running down to the river examined the trees on the bank for a moment, then returning, hastily exclaimed :—"Excuse me, boss ; I go. Me looks for somethings," and plunged into the woods towards the cliff. I took my levels at the spot, and after waiting for a while for Jacques told the rodman to go on, and shouldering my instrument proceeded to the next "station," or hundred foot mark ; but just as I reached it, the transit party, having made a mistake in their calculations, had to "buck back" almost to the spot, so there was nothing for me to do but take a rest till they got ahead. After filling and lighting my pipe, I went back a bit, and called out to Bonin ; but getting no answer, I thought I would see where he was, for I was afraid that the old man might have had some mishap. So I started in where he had left me, and followed his tracks through the broken brushwood for some little distance, and called to him again, but with

no better result. So I went on, and right under the cliff in a little clearing I saw Jacques down on his knees at the side. I thought to myself: "Well, my venerable friend, I guess you have found those onions at last;" but what was my amazement when, on looking closer, I saw him bending over an oblong mound, at the head of which was a rude cross, and the tears were pouring down the old man's face as he knelt there, apparently praying. I was so startled that, although I did not intend to disturb him, I let out an involuntary "Why, Jacques!" He looked up with a start, and, letting out a wild yell, his face white with terror, began to run like mad, but in his haste tripped over a fallen trunk headforemost. I caugh thim, and exclaimed: "For Heaven's sake, what's the matter with you, man?"

"Oh, good gosh! boss, is dat you? I t'ot it was de devil. Ba gosh, but I was scar!" and down the old man's head dropped, and he sobbed like an infant as he shivered in an agony of fear. As can easily be understood, I was myself shocked in no slight degree; but after reassuring him that I had no connection with the object of his fear, I drew back to let him compose himself, and returned to where he had been kneeling. Examination showed that it was a grave, and looking at the cross I saw on it rudely carved *La Main de Dieu*, and underneath was cut the semblance of a hand with the forefinger pointing to the side. Thoroughly interested, I commenced to walk in the direction of the hand through the clearing, only to have my interest increased tenfold by the discovery of another grave with a cross bearing in like rough carving the name "Charles Donovan." It was too much for me, so I gave up trying to puzzle the matter out, and returned to where I had left Jacques, determined to get an explanation from him. He had recovered himself somewhat; but as soon as I came up, he said:—

"Look, boss; you's been ver' good to me on dis trip and me I do more for you dan for an'body un de whole on'fit, but pour le Bon Dieu doan say nodin's to de big chief about dis, nor to nobody in de camp. I tell you all 'bout it some time when we's alone, but please doan ask me now! Ba gosh, me I was scar'!"

The poor old man was so thoroughly in earnest, that, excited though I was, I could not ask him for any more information, and reluctantly enough gave him my promise to keep the affair to myself, making him in turn promise to enlighten me at a future time. During the next two or three days I had the greatest difficulty in refraining from asking the promised anecdote from Bonin, the more so that he went on with his work as usual, and made no reference whatever to the incident. At the end of the third day we were almost through the Devil's Garden, and as our camp, to which we returned in big scows every night, was some four miles behind us, it was decided to shift it higher up the river, so in order to have as little to bring up as possible, the big chief gave orders that the instruments were to be left on the "line" that night, and I was told to take one of the men and camp out at the spot under a small, portable tent, to take charge of them.

Picking one of the men was not such an easy task as it appeared, for almost all of the axemen fairly shivered at the idea of spending a night in what some of them almost regarded as an entrance to the reputed owner's permanent abode. As a *dernier ressort*, I turned to Jacques, and asked him rather sharply if he was as big a coward as the rest, or whether he had "sand" enough to stay overnight with me. The old fellow did not like the idea very much, but, partly to shame the younger men, I think, replied that he would.

After the others left and the tent had been pitched on the river bank, he cooked our dinner, and we fell to work on it with an ardor that only a hard day's tramping in open air can give, and we then sat down before the bonfire for a smoke. After a while, to my great delight, Jacques offered to tell me about the graves which I had seen that day, and I of course accepted his offer at once. After waiting a moment or two to get the facts connected in his mind, the old man began his story, which I try to produce as nearly as possible, asking the reader to make allowances for the loss which it sustains in being translated from the "patois" into English, and to pardon the many omissions of incidental profanity with which old Jacques favored his yarn.

"As I have often told you, almost all my life has been spent, since I was a boy, in the bush. I started in to work as a shantyman when I was fourteen, in a gang in which my father was chopping, and some four years later I joined a gang which went up to the lake (Temiscamingue) to cull out there for the first time

"There were a big crowd of men in the camp, and a good many of them were pretty bad men too, four or five of whom had been jailed at different times for robbery, and once or twice, when they got their skinful of whisky blanc, bragged of the different crimes they had been engaged in. One of the men was a big, tall fellow, dark complexion, with black hair all over his face, and surly as a bulldog. No one knew anything about him or where he came from, for he had no mate in the gang, and never said anything about himself; and whenever he was asked questions about his home, his dark face grew darker, and he scowled at his questioner in a way that generally satisfied any further curiosity, for everyone in the gang was scared of him, as he was as strong as a bear, and in the early part of the season had one or two fights, when he showed that he could lick anyone in the whole outfit, and when he got fighting mad he was perfectly reckless what he did. One time in a fight he drew a knife and rushed at the other fellow, and had not a couple of the men grabbed him, we would have been a man short in the party; as it was when the others let him go, he went away, muttering and cursing as usual to himself.

"Every man in the outfit hated him, and he was by no means fond of the rest of the gang. One man in particular he was always bullying and swearing at, and he was a little Irishman, Charlie Donovan. It was his grave, boss, you saw down the river.

"This little feller Donovan was as bright as the water, always laughing and playing jokes on the other men, just in fun. Everyone liked him, because, although he

was not very strong for a shantyman, yet he worked all he knew how, and would keep chopping away, laughing and whistling all the time, and once or twice when the men were sick, by gosh, he was kind just like a woman and gentle as a baby.

" This big black cuss, Jean Chinquin was his name, —Black Chinquin they used to call him—hated little Donovan like everything, because he got into a row one time with the gang boss for knocking the little fellow around so much.

" One day early in the winter the chief wanted to send some men to Mattawa, and told Donovan, Chinquin and me to take the big scow and a tent and grub with us, and row down.

" Well, you can bet, boss, I felt mighty pleased, for I knew my wife would be awful glad to see me, as she did not expect me till the next spring; and the little fellow he was tickled to death, for he told me he would see his old mother, whom he supported; but Black Chinquin didn't want to go, and went off sulking and growling until it was time to start. He steered with the big paddle, and me and Donovan rowed. We pulled on all day until about four, and the Irishman got tired out and asked Chinquin to row a while and let him steer, but the big black cuss commenced to curse him, and said that he wasn't going to touch an oar, and that we had to row on all night. Pretty soon it commenced to get dark and cold, and the snow commenced to beat down. About seven o'clock, after having some grub, we rowed on for a while, and the little fellow got clean played out, for he wasn't very strong, and his hands got cold and numb so that he couldn't grip the oar. Well, boss, I got mad pretty soon, and told Chinquin that he was a dirty coward for not giving Donovan a rest. He told me that if I didn't mind my business he'd chuck me out.

"In a little while the Irishman couldn't row any more, and Chinquin got mad and swore at him, and threatened to smash him with the steering paddle if he didn't go on; but the poor little devil was as weak as a cat, and after trying again, he got sick, and fell over the oar, crying like a baby. Then Chinquin got furious, and roared out: 'You lazy Irish hound, if you don't go on rowing, by Heaven I'll kill you.' The little fellow made no answer, and before I could see what he was about, the big black brute reached over me with the long paddle in the air, and brought it down whack on poor Donovan's head. Well, you know, boss, I was only a boy, and I got so scared, I shivered all over like a leaf, and let go my oar, while the boat drifted; it seemed that I sat there for an hour almost before Chinquin spoke to me, though, as usual, he was muttering to himself, and I heard him say that he didn't mean to hurt the fool, and then later something about not caring a hang, he wasn't the first one. As I told you, it was a dark night, and snowing, so that I could not see his face, but after a while he said, 'Pick him up.' I stood up in the scow and turning round started to do so, but almost let him fall, as I felt the blood from his face trickling over my hand. I struck a match; it flashed for a minute and then went out, but it burnt up long enough to see all I wanted, for it was a terrible sight, and though I was pretty strong, it nearly made me sick, for there the blood was streaming down from under one side of his cap, and it seemed to catch and thicken on one side of his moustache and around his mouth. I tried to make him sit up, but he fell over on me, and I felt his hand closing on my arm, and that frightened me so that I almost yelled. As I bent over him I just heard the word '*fatigué*' and then he dropped on his face again in the scow, and he was dead.

" I can't tell you how I felt; it was almost as bad as if I had killed him myself, and it was so lonely, for I knew that Black Chinquin would kill me if I shewed fight, as I had caught sight of his knife when the match was lit. 'What's the matter with the fool? Is he hurt?' Chinquin said, and my voice shook like an old man's as I said, 'He's dead'.

" We said nothing more, and soon he turned the boat in towards shore, for we had been drifting down, and said that we would have to camp out in the snow, and bury Donovan in the morning. I was too frightened to say anything, and we landed just at the spot where I left you that morning, for I marked it afterwards.

"I got out and then pulled the body after me, but the black devil sat in the stern for a few minutes, and when he got out told me to clear a place for the fire and get some wood.

" I could just see him bending over the body when I was doing this; and when I lit the fire, he started to go through Donovan's pockets, and took out everything he could find, and threw them into the blaze, and then standing up, he swore at him for a while, then the brute kicked him and spit on his face, after which he sat down and scowled at the fire.

" I went over to the body, and taking Donovan's head on my knees pulled off his cap. The blood had congealed over one side of his face and head, and had stopped running, but as the fire burnt up I could see a long gash in his head.

" Just then Chinquin reached over, and grabbing my shoulder said: 'Come over here and leave that alone I got up, and he pulled me over to the fire, where we sat down. He looked at me for a minute, and then commenced to grin. 'Look here, Bonin. Where did you get all that blood on your overcoat? Why, you fool, it was you killed that man. Now, pay attention: if you say one word of this, *perhaps* you can get me into a row; but does it strike you that if I swing you'll have to keep me company, for you know as well as I do that you held Donovan while he was struck. There were only three of us there, and the third man isn't going to tell much. What's more, my boy, I'll keep an eye on you in camp, and if I think for a moment that you're going to blow on me, you'll fill a hole in the ground sooner than you expect.'

" I couldn't be more scared than I was; but when I realized that there was some truth in what he said, well I just broke down and sobbed like a woman, for I was in an awful fix.

" We spent the night there somehow, but just how I don't know. I was too scared to go to sleep, and every

time as the firelight flashed I could see poor Donovan's bloody face, and I know Chinquin kept awake, for I watched him, because, boss, I believe if he had slept and given me the chance, I would have killed him.

"As soon as the morning came and it got light, I filled a can of water and heated it at the fire, for I thought it would be better to try and get the blood off Donovan's face. It was hard, hard work, for it had grown thick and dark, and had to be soaked before I could remove it, but I got it all off after a while, except on one corner of his mouth and moustache, where the clots simply could not be washed away. Chinquin, who had in the meantime taken a pick which was in the boat, and gone into the bush, returned just as I finished ; he said he had made a hole to put him in, and to drag him over, and he himself then went back into the woods. I never was much of a praying man, sir, but I knelt down after he had gone, and told the Virgin that I had not killed Donovan, and promised if I ever got a chance to be revenged for his death.

"Poor Donovan, I will never forget his face as he lay there with his cap on (for I had replaced it to hide the wound), white as a sheet, except for that horrid black stain about his mouth. I seemed almost to be going crazy, for I was so perfectly helpless; but after a while I got my head again, and dragged him over to the grave that that cursed Chinquin had dug.

"We put him in, and then I saw Chinquin start to roll over two large boulders. Ugh ! I didn't look any more, but I heard them fall on the corpse with a thud that made me quiver all over ; afterwards, when the hole was filled up, we threw some snow on top.

"After we got the things into the boat we shoved off, but when we were a few feet out—it was not up to my head in depth—Chinquin suddenly stood on the edge of one side, and she upset. As I went under water my first thought was that he was trying to drown me, for he knew that I could not swim ; but when I got my feet on bottom and looked around, he had the boat by the stern, roaring with laughter. I grabbed the oars, and we got on shore again.

"'Now, you —— fool, do you see how our poor Irishman was drowned ? Gar ; but it is too sad ! I wanted to change places with him and row, mark you, and while we were doing it the old tub upset. Ha ! Ha ! Ha !' he yelled. 'You won't have to hang, my dear boy, after all, for your bloody overcoat is floating down the river there. You needn't mind the wet ; it is much better than a dry rope.'

"Then in a minute, and before I could see what he was doing, he had me by the throat and tripped me, and when he knelt on me he looked as black as the devil. 'Now, my boy, swear that you'll back up my story and everything that I tell about this. Men are too often drowned up here to cause any questioning ; and if you don't play the fool we'll be all right. Swear, now, or I'll choke you.'

"I suppose I was a coward, boss, but I was so scared that I swore to it. Then he let me up, and holding out his dirty hand made me shake it.

"It's too late now to tell you of how we got back, and how Chinquin lied, and I swore to it ; but, as he had said, lots of shantymen are drowned every year, for most of us, strange as it may seem, can't swim, so his story was believed, and the matter was dropped.

"You may be surprised, but for a week or so afterwards I didn't seem to mind, and went about at work as jolly as ever ; but after that my life was a perfect hell. I was scared to sleep almost, for every once in a while I would dream of that white face with the blood-stained mouth ; it was simply terrible, and I got as moody and glum as a bear.

"Being the only boy in the outfit, I was a kind of favorite, but it seemed to me that the men began to dislike me, especially when they saw me so thick with Chinquin, who pretended to be very fond of me, and was always near me when he could get a chance.

"Then Christmas came along, and I thought I would have a good time by getting drunk ; it was the first although not the last time ; but no, it was no use, the drunker I got the more this poor devil's face seemed to grow on me, and when I commenced to sober up I gave way completely, and was sick for some time ; and had it not been for Chinquin's threats I would have told the story to the gang boss, who had been very good to me, and had taken me into his hut when I got sick.

"Things got worse and worse ; everything seemed to go wrong with me. I had two or three 'scraps,' and by the time the spring came and the river opened, everybody in the camp hated me except Chinquin and the boss.

"I don't know if you ever saw a lumber-chute, but it is made in the summer when the streams on the hill bank are dry ; they build it into the bed at the top of the hill, and carry it down to the river, so that in the spring, when the snow melts, the whole body of water rushes down the chute, which is about four feet deep, instead of taking the usual course, and you see there is enough water to float the logs, which have been cut up above, down to the boom in the river.

"One day Chinquin was standing just at the head of the chute spiking the logs which I was 'feeding' to him, into the chute, and it happened that the gang boss was just behind me helping me 'feed,' for we were short-handed, as some of the men were sick.

"How it happened, I don't know, but the boss tripped on something and let go his end of the log ; it was a tremendous heavy one, and I had my end up in the air, passing it on, so when it fell it threw me over, and I bumped into Black Chinquin. He lost his balance, and before I was on my legs again I heard him yell, and the last I saw were his feet as he shot down in the stream.

"The boss was in a terrible state, and we shouted to the men below, and rushed down the hill ; some of them had seen him in the chute as he swept by, but before they could grab him he had shot into the river. They got out the boats, but it was no use, for the boom was pretty full, and they could not get around through the logs, and anyway the logs themselves prevented his coming up to the top of the water.

"As soon as things got a little quiet the boss explained

how it had happened, and of course everybody was for a while shaken up ; but when they realized that it was Chinquin, they seemed to take it more easily, and one or two of them hinted that they were not sorry.

"For my part, after it was over, I almost hugged myself with delight, for you know how I hated that man, and I always felt that he would have killed me without any hesitation ; but the poor boss, he felt awfully bad, and he and I remained in camp that afternoon. He was cursing himself with having killed Black Chinquin, and seemed so cut up that I could not stand it any longer, so I told him the whole truth about Donovan, and pointed out to him that if he repeated it that I would probably get into trouble as an accomplice for not having confessed before.

"As soon as his surprise would let him, he asked me a lot of questions, and finally he seemed satisfied that I told the truth, and told me to leave him alone for a while. When he called me in again, he said : 'Bonin, that is an awful charge to bring against a dead man. Will you swear to it?' And he handed me a Bible. I kissed it, and said : 'I swear before the Virgin that it is true.' Then he took my arm and spoke very earnestly : 'I believe you, my boy. I thought something was the matter with you lately. What you have told me has taken a load off my mind. I felt that I had unintentionally killed a man, but now I believe that the good God made me fall that time. *C'est la main de Dieu.* Now to-morrow, you and I will go and look for his body, and if we find it we will bury it near where poor Donovan lies, and after that never speak to me again of what you've told me, and I'll try and forget it.'

"Well, boss, there's not much more to tell.

"We found Black Chinquin's corpse about three miles down in the clear water, cut and torn by splinters so we hardly knew him. We towed it down to the spot where I left you, and after burying it put up the cross, and cut on it 'La main de Dieu,' with the hand pointing to poor Donovan, over whose grave we put the other cross." S. C.

PASTORAL.

It was a summer Sunday evening. The last rays of the dying sun were steeping everything in rosy radiance. By knots of two and three the congregation was strolling home from church, soothed and subdued by the solemn Evensong.

A group of these attracts us: one, his sombre garb proclaims the youthful shepherd of the flock ;—not yet a fully constituted pastor, but looking forward to that end. They with him are evidently sisters, the elder one just budding into beauteous womanhood, the younger a prattling child of seven or eight. Silently they walk along, enjoying the calm loveliness of the scene and listening to the evening carol of the wood's sweet songsters. Suddenly the child raises her eyes, blue as the heaven above, and asks : "Why, Mr. Blank, do you not wear one of these red and white things on your back like Mr. Smith who was here in the spring ?"

Running his hand through the golden stream that rippled over her shoulders, he answered : "Wait a while, little one ; in one short year from now, if all goes well, I too shall wear a hood of red and white, and one year after that shall have another of a regal purple." And then the elder sister spoke, her gaze fixed on the distant hills, her hair a mass of auburn glory. "You will, then, Mr. Blank, receive them *by degrees*."

The sun sank down below the western horizon, the song of the birds was hushed, and the trio went their way.

F.—'94.

SOCIETIES.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

"A German Mediæval Town" was the subject of a peculiarly interesting and instructive lecture delivered by Mr. P. T. Lafleur, M.A., on the evening of Friday, the 2nd inst., under the auspices of the Literary Society. Feeling assured that they would be amply repaid for the time lost to their studies, the members of the Society turned out in force to hear Mr. Lafleur.

No time was lost in despatching the routine business. Mr. Edgar of the First Year Arts treated the audience to a very pretty solo on his mandolin, and then President Lambly introduced the lecturer of the evening. Mr. Lafleur is so well known to McGill men that any comment upon the quality and interest of the lecture other than to say that it was quite as good as our knowledge of him led us to expect, is unnecessary.

The "German Mediæval Town" proved to be the old Bavarian town of Nuremburg as seen to-day. The lecturer began with a brief sketch of the history of Nuremburg, pointing out some of the features of the city and of the characteristics of its inhabitants that made it important in the Middle Ages, and causes it still to maintain its position as the second city of Bavaria in size and first in commercial importance. Early in the Middle Ages it came directly under the old German Empire, and became an imperial city. Its central position in Germany made it a great centre of distribution. The enterprise of its traders was famous ; they went through perils and overcame difficulties in a way that excites our highest admiration for their pluck and dauntless energy. When the streams of commerce went another way about the time of the discovery of America, Nuremburg, unlike Venice, did not lose its commercial importance. The thrift and integrity of its inhabitants keep it still a city of importance. The traveller entering Nuremburg to-day is disappointed at the modern aspect of the city. Outside the walls there is a 19th century boulevard, and everything indicates that Nuremburg is a prosperous 19th century town. But after a few steps more, all is changed. Just as soon as the visitor has passed within the thick walls, he is taken back 400 to 450 years. Most of the streets are narrow and crooked ; the houses are built with their gables toward the street ; beautiful fountains and curious shrines adorn the road-sides and principal

squares. The quaint old houses lean over the narrow streets, built thus in mediæval times for protection. Most of the buildings are in the Gothic type of architecture, yet there is every variety of genius in building displayed. The civic law requires that all new houses be built according to types already existing in the city, and thus its mediæval appearance is preserved. It is wonderfully quaint and picturesque.

The lecturer, with the aid of a large diagram or map of the city, carefully explained its situation and the location of many of its places of interest. The river Pegnitz divides the city into two portions, which take their names from the two principal churches, that of St. Sebald and that of St. Lawrence. The ancient wall with its moat, the towers, the mediæval inn, the streets, and the houses were rapidly sketched. Photographs of places of interest in Nuremburg, kindly lent by Professor Moyse, did much to give the audience a vivid idea of the picturesqueness of the city. The crown of Nuremburg is its historic old castle, beautifully situated on an eminence commanding the city. The oldest part, the famous five-cornered tower, is in good repair. In its museum are still preserved many of the instruments of torture, such as the terrible "Iron Virgin," "Spanish Horse," and "Cradle," which were used all too frequently in mediæval times. Full of interest also is the deep well in the court-yard with its mysterious subterranean passages.

From this centre of interest the lecturer took us in imagination down the hill to the home of Durer, the great German contemporary of the great Italian artists, and to the quaint old inn in which the artist used to loaf and chat with his friend, Hans Sacks, the cobbler poet.

Probably the most interesting portion of the lecture was that in which Prof. Lafleur discussed the different types of architecture to be seen in Nuremburg, and from this was led on to speak of architecture in general, its purposes, and the lessons which we may learn from a careful study of it. He pointed out that works of architecture are the most enduring signs of the different beliefs, intellectual and religious, of the human race. Here Faith is embodied in stone. The human race has preserved its thoughts in two books—Architecture and Printing. Since the invention of Printing, Architecture has declined, and the thoughts of the race are now preserved in bound volumes in our libraries.

The two finest churches in Nuremburg, and, at the same time, two of the finest Gothic edifices in Germany, are the churches of St. Sebald and St. Lawrence. Each is over four hundred years old, and took at least two hundred years in building. The German National Museum, the pride of Nuremburg and of the whole German Empire, occupies a marvelous old mass of building which was formerly a Carthusian monastery. After drawing attention to other places and features of interest in this remarkable old city, the Professor concluded the lecture with a statement of two important lessons that may be drawn from a study of Nuremburg and its inhabitants. Here we have an example of unselfish devotion to country and to city, resembling in a marked degree the noble patriotism of the Greeks and Romans. Every Nuremburgher was and is proud of his city, and this gives a dignity to municipal affairs, and ensures perfect honesty in the transaction of business relating to the city. We are taught the direct, personal responsibility of every person to his town; and, by the example of such men as Hans Sacks, we learn the nobility of labour.

The vote of thanks tendered to Mr. Lafleur for his interesting lecture, by the men present, was by no means a mere formality, for all were much pleased with the pleasure and profit afforded by it.

The business of the Society was then taken up. A very lively discussion took place, when it was proposed that a committee be appointed to see if arrangements could be made by which the Literary Society be turned into a Mock Parliament, for a part of next session at least. However, the committee was appointed.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the President for his untiring efforts on behalf of the Society during the past year, and then the meeting adjourned, not to meet again until September next. H.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The activity of the Association naturally is somewhat pent up for the remaining few weeks; but we note with much satisfaction that the attendance at the meeting on Sunday afternoon keeps up well.

The special work at present is the planning of the "Fall Campaign," special work for new students, in which the definite aim is made to bring new students into the Association, secure their influence, and help their own lives.

Here is an outline for those interested:

I. Importance:

1. Large number of new students who are not Christian—one half.

2. The many who are evil influenced because no special effort has been made to reach them.

3. It is the strategic time in the life of a man—the pivot point.

4. The possibility of a widespread spiritual influence.

II. Methods:

1. Prepare and send out handbook to prospective new students.

2. Meet men the first day at college. A greeting and a welcome to the College and to the Christian Association.

3. Provide a good lodging and boarding-house.

4. Introduce men at a Social Reception.

5. Bring them personally to the first meeting of the Association.

6. Introduce them to a Church Home and the Pastor.

7. Invite men to your room.

8. Use your personal influence to lead them to Jesus Christ; be satisfied with nothing less.

9. Follow up the work begun.

These are all practical suggestions for the members of the Fall Campaign Committee; let us carry them out to a successful issue.

The resignation of Mr. W. J. LeRossignol from the presidency is a great blow to the Association. Few men have rendered such faithful service as Mr. LeRossignol, during his term of office, ever watchful, suggestive and self-sacrificing in his work. As counsellor and leader his absence will be keenly felt.

The General Secretary elect for '94-95 will enter office almost immediately. Mr. Leslie goes to New York to enter the office of the International Committee for four months; after March 19th, Mr. Mahaffy will be found in the Association Office in the East Wing of Arts Building. Until the end of this month he will observe the hour of 5 to 6 p.m., and after April 1st may be found at any time at "headquarters."

REPORT OF THE Y. W. C. A.

The 4th regular meeting of the Theo Dora Society was held Thursday, March 8th, at 4 p.m. There was a larger attendance than usual, as the meeting was of special interest, on account of the report to be given by Miss Ross, our delegate, to the Detroit Convention. After the opening exercises, Miss Radford spoke briefly of the origin of the Student Volunteer Movement, and then called on Miss Ross for her report. We have not the space to give any detailed account of Miss Ross' report, which was so interesting and helpful, and only regret that all of the students did not hear it. There were two thoughts, however, that were especially brought home to our hearts: First, our responsibility for the unsaved millions, which Miss Ross so touchingly illustrated by the story one of the missionaries told of the poor heathen woman who said so pitifully, "We never knew there was a Jesus before;" and the other important thought that Miss Ross left with us was the question, "Are we just in the place where God can use us best?"

After Miss Ross' report the meeting was closed with a hymn and prayer.

MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The last regular meeting of the Medical Society was held in the Upper Lecture room of the College on Saturday evening, March 3rd.

Quite a large number of students were present, considering the proximity of the examinations.

Dr. Beers delivered a very entertaining and instructive address on Dentistry.

During the course of his lecture the Doctor pointed out the frequency with which dental defects gave rise to remote and reflex symptoms, several interesting examples of which he furnished from his own experience.

At the close of the lecture the Doctor received a very hearty vote of thanks for his instructive address, after which the meeting adjourned.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The annual general meeting of the McGill University Athletic Association was held in the Molson Hall on Feb. 27th. The only business of importance was the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:—

Hon. President.....Prof. C. H. MacLeod.
President.....F. A. Wilkin, Sc. '95.
Vice-President.....S. Carmichael, Law '95.
Secretary.....F. Johnston, Med. '95.
Hon. Treasurer.....Prof. John Cox.
Treasurer.....Geo. Schwartz, Arts '96.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and approved, and a vote of thanks passed to the retiring officers, after which the meeting adjourned.

McGILL MINING SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of this Society was held on Thursday evening, Feb. 28th.

Mr. F. Lambert, Science '94, read a paper on the Marquette Iron Mines, Michigan.

The paper contained an account of the extent, working and occurrence of these immense Hematite deposits. Mention was made of the way in which these bodies were supposed to have been formed.

Mr. A. R. Askwith, Science '95, read a paper on "Rock Blasting," in which he explained briefly the composition, preparation and efficiency of the various explosives. The paper contained many useful and practical points as to the ways in which the explosives should be manipulated.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the speakers for their much appreciated papers, after which the meeting adjourned.

DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of this Society was held on Thursday, March 1st, Miss Botterell, the vice-president, in the chair, the routine of business taking the well-worn orthodox channel. The debate for the day: "Resolved,—that implicit obedience should *not* in every case be rendered to external authority," was supported on the affirmative by Miss Mona Watson and Miss Ethel Hurst, and on the negative by Miss Denoon and Miss Jessie Brown. Our critic, for some reason or other, failed to put in an appearance, her absence being at once a loss and a disappointment to all concerned. Had she been there, she would no doubt have advised a more thorough preparation of the subject, with a hint that the arguments on both sides might have been more satisfactorily answered by the opponents; at the same time, the speakers on the affirmative might have been complimented on the evident ease with which they spoke, and that almost without a note.

The arguments on the negative were weakened by the withdrawal at a very late date of the speaker whose name had for the last three weeks figured on the index sheet as leader on that side. Miss Denoon, at a few hours' notice, performed her part admirably, demonstrating to a nicety the saying "Screw your courage to the sticking point and you'll not fail."

This debate was perhaps one of the most fairly discussed questions this Society has seen, the platform having been arranged beforehand by the speakers.

The majority of votes decided the question in favor of the negative. After a general discussion the meeting adjourned.

THE DETROIT CONVENTION.

A large audience, comprising students from every department of our Alma Mater, assembled in the Association Hall on Sunday afternoon last, to hear the reports of the representatives of McGill who attended the great "Student Volunteer" Missionary Convention, recently held at Detroit, Mich. Mr. George Hague presided. With him on the platform were Sir Wm. Dawson, Mr. Percy Leslie, and a quartette of McGill men with violins.

After a lesson from the Bible, read impressively by Mr. Hague, and a prayer in which Sir William led, Mr. Leslie made a short introductory address, in which he rapidly sketched the history of the movement which has led up to this great Convention,—the second of its kind ever held. Though so recently begun, the movement is already very wide-spread. Mr. Leslie pointed out the purposes of this, the greatest gathering of students ever held on this Continent, and urged the duty devolving upon everyone to do all in his power to disseminate the truths of the Gospel. Mr. Harry Archibald, Sc. '97, briefly described the sad home-life, the revolting customs, and the degrading religions of many heathen lands where there are still few or no missionaries. Mr. Mallinson, Arts '97, made a pointed speech upon the subject: "The Student in relation to the Foreign Missionary Work." Mr. A. Gun of the Faculty of Medicine gave a practical address upon "Medical Missionaries." He showed clearly the great need in heathen lands of men who understood Medical Science. He pointed out that great good had been done already, and made a very powerful appeal, on humanitarian grounds, to the students in Medicine, to devote a part at least of their energies to the introduction of the blessings of Medical Science into these benighted lands. Miss Ross, Arts '97, spoke upon "Woman's Work for Women." She thought that there was a great and glorious work opening up for women, especially in China and Japan. There is great demand for lady teachers in the Japanese cities, and, besides, the Kindergarten is becoming a very important part of the work of lady missionaries. After an illustration or two of what is now being done by Christian lady-missionaries, Miss Ross, in a very earnest and persuasive manner, urged her fellow-students to remember that they had the Gospel in trust for the nations, and to realize the great responsibility thereby devolving upon them.

Mr. H. D. Clark, Comp. Med., drew our attention to some of the most important features of the great Convention; and then Miss Seymour, Arts '95, in a very impressive manner, spoke of the spiritual influences emanating therefrom. The movement was more than a philanthropic one, it was deeply spiritual; their motto was not "Civilization" but "Evangelization."

The meeting was closed with singing and prayer. All the speakers were evidently full of enthusiasm in regard to the great work of christianizing the heathen in foreign lands, and spoke with such fervor, that even some of us, who have hitherto thought that there was a good deal of that kind of work to be done nearer home before the energy of our churches could rightly be directed into so wide a channel, were compelled to entertain the rather uncomfortable thought, that, perhaps, after all, our view had been rather too narrow.

H.

WHAT? WHERE? WHEN?

FRIDAY, MARCH 16TH.

Y. W. C. A. Prayer Meeting. East Wing, 5.05 p.m.
Wesleyan Literary Society. Ferrier Hall, 7 p.m.
Y. M. C. A. Prayer Meeting. Arts Building, 7.15 p.m.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17TH.

St. Patrick's Day in the morning.
Exam. in Civil Procedure in the afternoon.

SUNDAY, MARCH 18TH.

Y. M. C. A. Meeting. City Association Building, Dr. Murray will speak at 2 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21ST.

App. Sci. Glee Club. Engineering Building, 5 p.m.
Veterinary Med. Society. 6 Union Ave., 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 23RD.

Good Friday. Hot cross-buns in season.
Wesleyan Literary Society. Ferrier Hall, 7 p.m.
Y. M. C. A. Prayer Meeting. Arts Building, 7.15 p.m.

EASTER SUNDAY, MARCH 25TH.

Hard hats and soft eggs. Spring bonnets with East Wing feathers.
Y. M. C. A. Meeting. City Association Building at 2 p.m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 27TH.

Niagara falls to-day.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28TH.

Classical Club and other festivities. East Wing, 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 30TH.

Comparative Medicine Convocation, Molson Hall. All Final men are invited.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31ST.

The Deluge reaches Arts and Applied Science.
Mr. Grattan, Vet. Sci., leaves for Chicago.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

University Pin and Song Book Committees meet in Union Club Building.

MONDAY, APRIL 2ND.

Declaration of results in Medicine.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4TH.

Convocation in Medicine. More doctors let loose.

THE CHATEAU DE BONCOURT.

A dream wafts me back to my childhood,
And I shake my old grey head ;
Why visit me, ye pictures ?
I long had thought you dead.

High rises from shady enclosure
A glimmering castle-tower ;
I know each turret, each battlement,
Each bridge of stone, each door.

From the coat of arms, so friendly
The lions look out at me ;
I greet the old acquaintances,
Through the court-yard wander free.

There stands the sphinx of the fountain ;
There blossoms the old fig-tree ;
There, long ago, behind that window
I dreamt my first fantasie.

I enter the village chapel
And seek my grand-sire's tomb ;
There it is ! hang from the pillar
His arms, that ancient heir-loom.

Not yet, the words of th' inscription
Can my veiled eyes read aright,
Tho' brightly, thro' checkered pane,
Over it breaks the light.

So thou stand'st, oh home of my fathers,
True and firm in my heart.
Thou art vanished from the earth,
The plough breaks thee, in part.

Be fertile, oh precious soil,
Kindly I bless thee now,
Though moved. And I doubly bless him,
Who over thee guides the plough.

But I will rise up quickly,
My lyre in my hand,
Wander the wide-world over,
And sing thee from land to land.

ONE OF THE DONALDA FRESHMEN.

CLASS REPORTS.

ARTS NOTES.

At last we lay down our quill, and retire.
Our successor is now in the swim ;
He knows some old jokes, is an original liar—
Enough ! We will leave you with him.

B. S.

It will soon be time for the Sophomores to begin their collections of plants. Nothing like taking thyme by the fore-lock.

The Reading-Room Committee have had to sit again for their photograph. It is said that this time Mr. Notman used a plate made of plate-glass.

Mr. N. D. Keith of the Third Year won the prize for reading in the elocutionary contest recently held in the Presbyterian College.

The annual Wicksteed contest took place in the Gym. on the 3rd and 6th inst. The contest, especially in the Fourth Year, was very interesting. Those who took part were : in the Senior class—Blackett, Arts '94 ; S. M. Dickson, Arts '94 ; Cole, Sc. '94, and Boyd, Arts '94 ; in the Junior class—Gill, Sc. '96 ; Keith, Arts '95, and Green, Sc. '96. Altogether, the performance was very creditable. The decision of the judges, Dr. McKenzie, Mr. D. J. Watson, and Mr. C. H. Gwilt, will be awaited with interest.

Prof. to class in English : "What is onomatopæia ?"
Bright student : "A work on the sounds made by animals, sir."

Soph :—"Do you know why I am like the mill of the gods this month ? I grind slowly, but I am getting my work down awful fine, I can assure you."

Messrs. E. E. Howard and A. R. MacMaster have been appointed by the Artsmen to represent them on the committee of management of the Athletic Association for the session 1894-'95.

It is said that the recent phenomenal growth of the mustache of one of our Juniors is due to the fact that he sprinkled a sandwich the other night with Hair Vigour instead of Worcester sauce, by mistake.

The other evening a number of Students were gathered around a friendly table, with a puzzled expression on every face, endeavouring to decipher a mysterious-looking document which ran thus :—

PALMAM FERAT, QUI VERBA HAEC MYSTICA EXPLICABIT

O		quid		tuae
be		est		biae ?
Rarara	es, et	in	ramramram	ii.

Even the seniors of the party gazed in mute helplessness, when at last a bumptious Sophomore exclaimed : "Eureka ! O superbe, quid superest tuae superbiae ? Terra es, et in terram ibis." At this a Freshman, who dreams at times of the Shakespeare gold medal, called out : "Why, that isn't so good as the address of the American letter which found its destination after a few weeks in the Dead Letter Office :

WOOD
JOHN
MASSACHUSETTS.

After qualifying several clerks of the office for the lunatic asylum, the address was at last deciphered into

JOHN UNDERWOOD,
ANDOVER,
MASSACHUSETTS."

Prof : "Gentlemen, this element is found in the mineral, Orthoclase. The Artsmen will recognize the derivation —orthos, to cleave, and klaio, at right angles."

The other day, while busily engaged in the Library, we overheard a Junior explaining to a fair visitor, to whom he was pointing out the beauties of the place, that the carvings which embellish the hammer beams of the inner roof were intended to represent the Donaldas. Not half an hour later, another irreverent member of the same class told a trustful visitor that the figures represented the members of the Faculty. This should be stopped, for if the public get the idea that our professors and students have such forbidding countenances as those depicted, it will do great injury to the College.

What is this ghostly shimmering myth?
How like a nightmare doth it seem!
How haunting is its piercing stare!
Avaunt! Thou spectre of our "Dream."
Who is the "Dream" of First Year Arts?
The snore of class-room and of parlor?
The bug-bear of the Symmerites?
No, 'tis not he! Not B.... M....r.

Why is it that everyone has taken to writing or to learning poetry? We hear it quoted on all sides, and are deluged with "jingles" for the FORTNIGHTLY. This has helped us to resist the impulse to put our thoughts in rhyme ourselves. Probably the re-awakening which nature is experiencing during this delightful spring weather is to blame, yet that cannot account for the popularity among the Freshmen of those verses of Mackay:—

Oh my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May,
Longing to be free from study,
For the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand joys belonging
To the summer day.
Oh my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

This sounds more like the wail of one who is looking forward to the spring exams with fear and trembling. Moreover, the difficulties of Latin prose, of which the Sophs are having a full allowance, haunt many of them like a nightmare. So we were not surprised to hear one of them the other day, absent-mindedly quoting the following lines:—

Felis sedit by a hole,
Intente she, cum omni soul
Predere rats.
Mice concurrent trans the floor,
In numero, duo, tres or more,
Oblite cats.
Felis saw them oculis.
"I'll have them," inquit she, "I guess
Dum ludunt."
Tunc illa crepit toward the group,
"Habeam," dixit, "good rat soup,
Pingues sunt."
Mice continued all ludere,
Intenti they in ludem vere,
Gaudenter.
Tunc rushed the felis into them,
Et tore them omnes limb from limb,
Violenter.

There seems to be a danger that the students may lose the privilege now open to them of visiting the Library during the evening, unless more show that they appreciate the privilege by taking advantage of it. It is to be hoped that the number of readers between the hours 5 and 6 p.m. and 8 and 10 p.m. will be much increased, and that all attending will register their names so that this privilege may be again granted next session.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

The old lady who began to patt-er-son on the head had previously placarded his desk with a small sign-board, on which was this strange device: "Smoking, chewing and spitting strictly prohibited."

It is said that eight of the students in this Faculty have decided to quit their attendance on the lectures in April, and are making every necessary arrangement not to join the classes again in September. It is understood that influence has been brought to bear on the whole of these gentlemen to induce them to abandon their determination—so far without success. The most determined effort was made in this direction on Saturday last, when they were visited by Justinian, Sir Henry Maine, and the Ghost of Gaius, but after being closeted for 4 hours it is believed that every one of the eight gentlemen remained firm and true to their vow. That ought to settle it.

The students' valedictory to the Professor at the close of a course in either civil or commercial law might not inappropriately be rendered as hereinafter contained, to wit; "Farewell, Sir Professor, I have endeavored to keep up with you, but you have outdistanced my fleetest fancy, my swiftest power of mental grasp, and the nimblest movements of my ready pen." Eh! Farewell.

The stanza subjoined is dedicated to posterity as being a most useful and convenient compendium to have stowed away in one's mind at a Roman Law Exam:

"Descendens omnis succedit in ordinate primo,
"Ascendens proprior, germanus (a), filius (ia) ægis,
"Tunc laterie ex uno junctus quisquæ filius ægis
"Delequæ proximur reliquorum quisquis superstes."

Mr. S—n will please trace the orthography of each misspelled word in the above, and point out any defects found by scansion, and explain fully the relation between faulty feet or bad spelling and an easy method of memorizing an order of succession followed by the Imperial Roman two thousand years before you got 99 per cent. in R.L.

What are the rights of a squatter? Mud or water, just now, we believe, with or without bad faith.

Mr. Justice Wurtele has kindly decided to complete his course of lectures in Real Estate.

The Dean's course of lectures in *Merchant Shipping* is completed, and was exceptionally well appreciated by the gentlemen of the Third Year who have their faces set for the July Bar.

A certain white gentleman of the "première année" complains that, owing to too much concentration on the black clauses as contained in the Senatus Consultum Claudianum, he has had little time to consider the other methods of acquiring a universitas rerum.

It is said that a member of the Faculty of Law since plugging for the R.L. examination wishes to make a Donatio mortis causa for the benefit of intending beginners. He, we believe, could be induced to make it in the shape of a "universitas rerum."

A prize of a Roman "As" is offered to the student who first answers, in a satisfactory manner, "What is, was or will be the *Lex hac consultissima*?"

There wasn't much "legal brief" about that R.L. paper, was there? Not until you read this one.

We beg pardon for trespassing upon the valuable and valued space of the FORTNIGHTLY with so much R.L. items, but really how any fellow can write readable legal briefs after having two courses of R.L. and two curses of R.L. exams in one term, we pause to consider! But to be "Brief," there isn't any fellow in the Faculty save two who is not shedding R.L. at every lamp-post, whose eyes are not filled with a dreamy, far-away, Roman-tic moisture that foretells a flock of coming Cujas' and Savigny's, and each one at just 24.

I say, boys! Did you hear Mac tell the Dean that he enjoyed his Justinian very much? Well, he did!

The Law Faculty Spring Steeplechases in the Penmanship class opened a few days ago.

J — n's, '94, is said to have broken the record by putting in 67 pages in three hours.

It is said that the committee in charge of these contests are going to institute a series of handicaps in which the sprinters who write shorthand are to be put on scratch.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

Dr. Robert Bell, B.A.Sc., Assistant Director of the Geological Survey, is in the field for election as Graduates' Fellow in Applied Science, in succession to Col. Jeffrey Burland. At the annual meeting of the Ottawa Valley Graduates' Society held on the 20th of February, Dr. Bell was unanimously chosen as the Society's candidate for this fellowship.

Honour Student: "Well, one member of this class is no gentleman, anyway."

Indignant Chorus: "Who? Who?"

H. S.: "Miss Blank."

From all accounts, the Fourth Year Science have been taking to Water Polo. A game played the other day between the Mechanicals and Electricals on one side, and the Civils, Miners and Chemists on the other, resulted in a draw.

How would it do to have a few drinking cups in the lavatories? The taps are effective for drinking purposes, but inconvenient and uneconomical. Perhaps before next session some steps might be taken to remove this want.

While we are making suggestions (they cost nothing, and are good value at the price), would it be impossible next session to make some arrangement for having the Applied Science Library open (occasionally at least) in the evenings. Many Students have so few hours free from lectures and laboratory work that they are unable to use the library to nearly the extent they would wish.

At a meeting of the Undergraduates on the 5th, Messrs. Trenholme, '95, and Drinkwater, '97, were elected as the representatives from Science to the committee of the University Athletic Club.

The shadow of exams hangs like a cloud over us all. Even our class reporters feel the blighting influence, and our readers will miss the sparkling witticisms with which they were wont to enliven this column. But our hearty thanks are due for past assistance, and we give them our parting blessing and cheerfully commend them to our successor.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

Prof. to class of Donalda Students:—"What chapter, please?"

"Chap. 52."

"Oh! Only 52!! If we don't get on we'll all be *old men* before we're through!!!"

Question:—"When shall we get through?"

Monday, 5 p.m.

Life-size figure of a man thrown on the screen:

Prof.:—"This, you notice, is a *fault in nature*."

In this last issue of the FORTNIGHTLY for this session, we would like to draw the attention of our Undergraduates to the fact that our tennis court is once more making its appearance.

Since tennis is the only physical recreation offered to the Donaldas inside the College grounds, would we not do well to enter more heartily into the game? There is more benefit to be had from a 20 minutes' tossing of

the ball than from an hour's walk, for this is conducive to meditation, so that by an imperative demand for a quick eye, steady hand and swift foot, precludes the possibility of deep thought. Ethics and Euclid's problems are alike banished for the time, while all our energies are directed to the deft handling of the ball.

No class of persons, we venture to state, needs this thorough relaxation from thought as the student, to whom it is of incalculable benefit.

If we only had a gymnasium on the grounds!—we might spend many half hours there. Perhaps there will be room in the new Donalda building for one.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

Everyone seems satisfied with the class picture. It is certainly a beauty.

The handsome face of our genial President adorns the horse-shoe. The honour is not a small one, by any means, and will no doubt be more appreciated by him from the fact that the position was unsought for on his part.

"Clothing cheaper than the cheapest."—See notice board.

Cholly should be a little more explicit when giving his order for breakfast.

In a short time we will disperse to our homes after a few short months of pleasant companionship. Let us not, on pleasure bent, overlook the abundant opportunities for individual work, observation and experiment that will present themselves to each of us during the summer months. Much can be accomplished by a little well-directed effort in the right direction.

The face of the Final student wears an anxious expression these days as he ponders over the probability of his getting plucked.

The lad that some of the boys style P. D., and who hails from a Norwegian settlement out in the wild and woolly West, seems to be supremely happy, and says that his motto is "Peace and good-will toward men."

A grand success—Mr. Judge's dinner.

"Oh where is our little dog gone?" is the wail of the First Year experimenters.

OLLA PODRIDA.

One of the main advantages to be derived from a perusal of *Exchanges* is that we are thereby enabled to get some idea of what is going on in educational institutions other than our own. Students in the hurry and bustle of ordinary University life are apt to become mentally shortsighted, and anything which brings them into touch with the outside world of thought and enlarges their intellectual horizon is of considerable value.

Naturally we are apt to place these periodicals in comparison with our own FORTNIGHTLY, and we may be perhaps excused for a little pardonable pride if we venture to express the opinion that our paper is not much, if at all, inferior to any that we see, as a reflection of University life and thought. The main reason for this view is that all parts of McGill work in the utmost harmony for the good of the paper and the University at large. The FORTNIGHTLY is a *representative* paper, and therein lies its strength. The interests of all are well balanced, and our motto is "the greatest good to the greatest number." It is to be regretted that the different sections represented on the Editorial Staff of some of our contemporaries, more especially those from the Maritime Provinces, like the proverbial ox and ass, draw together but badly, and the result is unseemly strife and more or less ill-feeling. When this is the case, such a paper cannot be a success. Failure is marked upon it at the outset. Nothing can be gained so long as some who should be supporters of the College paper are converted into antagonists. Such a misfortune can readily be averted by having an editorial staff of liberal views, and one in which a fair and impartial representation is given to all departments of the University.

One of the important events in University life which should be noted is the production of Sophocles' *Antigone* by the Students of Toronto University. *The Varsity* for some time past has been giving us glimpses of what is being done. The students of Toronto show a good deal of boldness in attacking such a masterpiece of art as the *Antigone*, which may be justly considered the crowning glory of the Greek Drama. But it is a most admirable boldness. May the day come soon when our own Classical Society will be strong enough to perform a Greek play. Prof. Hutton on Jan. 27th delivered a lecture at the University on the *Antigone*, which, in anticipation of the coming representation, elicited much enthusiasm. The representation was given under the auspices of the Classical Association, the College of Music and the Glee Club. *The Varsity* refers to a new book of Prof. Goldwin Smith's, containing translations from Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. We may perhaps take the liberty of quoting some of the Professor's verses from the Antigone:

(Lines 450–489).

ANTIGONE.

"The proclamation went not forth from Zeus,
Or Justice, partner of the gods below,
Who had ordained these canons for mankind;
Nor deemed I proclamations had such power
That thereby mortal man could contravene
Heaven's law unwritten and unchangeable.
That law was not the child of yesterday,
Nor knoweth man the source from which it came.
I was not minded for what men might say

To break that law and brave the wrath Divine.
That death would come I know, as come it must
Without thy proclamation, and to die
Before my hour I count it so much gain.
For when a life is full of wretchedness,
As mine has been, is it not gain to die?
Little I care if I such doom must meet;
But I care much not uninterred to leave
His corpse that was of the same mother born.
One pains me sore, the other pains me not;
And if to thee I seem to play the fool,
To me it seems that to a fool I play it.

CHORUS.

She shows the savage spirit of her sire,
And to misfortune is untaught to bend.

CREON.

Know that the most self-willed most often fall.
Iron that hath been tempered by the fire
To a surpassing hardness, when it breaks,
We often see shattered most thoroughly;
And a small bit suffices to subdue
The fiery steed. High thoughts become not those
Who owe subjection to another's will.
This maid before displayed her insolence
In overstepping what the laws ordained;
And now again displays it, glorying
And laughing in our face over her crimes.
It is not I that am the man, but she,
If she can thus usurp and go unscathed.
Be she my sister's child or child of one
Nearer in blood than all around our hearth,
She shall not the last penalty escape,
Nor shall her sister."

CHORUS.

(Lines 781–800).

"Unconquered Love, against whose might
Wealth's golden mansion hath no ward,
That in the maiden's dimpled cheek by night
Keepest thy guard;
The ocean wave to bear thy tread is taught;
The rural homestead, gods, and men are brought
Alike thy power to own; who feels it is distraught.

'Tis thou that upright hearts and pure dost lead
From virtue's ways to ways of sin.
'Tis thou whose influence in our Thebes does breed
Strife among kin.
O'er all prevails the charm of Beauty's eyes,
Charm that with Law supreme in empire vies,
For Aphrodite's power all rebel force defies."

These lines, vigorous and faithful, as they are, only give imperfectly the beauties of the original, which in point of pathos and tragic force has never been surpassed by any production of the Tragic Muse. We congratulate Toronto on its enterprise.

The Varsity seems to be improving since it donned its new suit, and is always a welcome visitor. Another subject that is occupying the attention of some is that of Canadian poets.

The Varsity of Jan. 31st contains such an article from the pen of Mr. Jas. A. Tucker. He takes up more particularly the work of William A. Stephens, the pioneer poet of Ontario.

The *University Monthly* for January contains a critique from the pen of Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, upon "Seaward, an Elegy on the death of Thomas William Parsons," by Richard Hovey, a poem which, the Professor remarks, was written in his study at Kingscroft, and in the woods about King's College.

Prof. Roberts says:—

"'Seaward' appears to me to be much the most important English elegy since Arnold's 'Thyrsis' and Swinburn's 'Ave atque Vale.' It belongs to the rank and fellowship of these poems. It is in the direct line of descent from the work of the Sicilian elegists—Bion's 'Lament for Adonis' and the 'Lament for Bion' of Moschus—through the 'Lycidas' and the 'Adonais'; but the pastoral element common to all its predecessors except the 'Ave atque Vale' has disappeared, and the poem is modern in spirit.

* * * * *

"The language of 'Seaward' is singularly felicitous, and shows a command of the richest harmonies of words. The poem is written in what Arnold called 'the grand manner,' and is full of spacious Miltonic phrases. Miltonic, too, is its mastery of the organ-music of proper names—a mastery which is superbly displayed in the concluding stanza."

The following lines seem specially good:

"O mourners by the sea, who loved him most!
I watch you where you move, I see you all;
Unmarked I glide among you like a ghost,
And on the portico, in room and hall,
Lay visionary fingers on your hair.
You do not feel their unsubstantial fall
Nor hear my silent tread, but I am there."

* * * *

"O Death, I shout back to thy hearty hail."

* * * *

"Time, like a wind, blows through the lyric leaves
Above his head, and from the shaken boughs
Aeonian music falls; but he receives
Its endless changes in alert repose.
Nor drifts unconscious as a dead leaf blown
On with the wind, and senseless that it blows,
But hears the chords like armies marching on."

The same paper gives a critique of Prof. Roberts' "Songs of the Common Day, and Ave! an ode for the Shelley Centenary." One of these songs entitled "Burnt Lands" is worthy of reproduction here:—

"On other fields and other scenes the morn
Laughs from her blue—but not such fields are these
Where comes no cheer of summer leaves and bees.
And no shade mitigates the day's white scorn,
These serious acres vast no groves adorn;
But giant trunks, bleak shapes that once were trees,
Tower naked, unassuaged of rain or breeze,
Their stern grey isolation grimly borne
The months roll over them, and mark no change,
But when Spring stirs, or Autumn stills, the year,
Perchance some phantom leafage rustles faint
[strange,
Through their parched dreams—some old time notes ring,
When in his slender treble, far and clear,
Reiterates the rain-bird his complaint."

The Monthly has come out in a tasteful new cover, but the change in size is hardly an improvement.

The *Acta Victoriana*. This paper is specially good. It always contains solid and interesting matter, and presents a very neat appearance.

Like many other college journals at the present time, it is dealing with some of our Canadian poets.

It contains a very interesting article on E. Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, by F. Gertrude Kenny. There is also a well-executed portrait of Miss Johnson.

The following lines show "she has a wondrous faculty of catching the very feeling, the very mood of nature at certain times."

"I seem to hear a bar of music afloat
And swoon into the west,
My ear can scarcely catch the whispered note,
But something in my breast
Blends with that strain till both accord in one,
As cloud and color blend at set of sun."

"And twilight comes, with gray and restful eyes,
As ashes follow flames;
But oh, I heard a voice from those rich skies
Call tenderly my name:
It was as if some priestly fingers stole
In benediction o'er my lonely soul."

This rondeau is also worth quoting:

IN FRESHET TIME.

RONDEAU.

In freshet time the waters tread
With crafty foot a foreign bed;
On shores whose outlines come and go,
As falls or swells this overflow—
The teasel lifts its ragged head
In freshet time.

The turbid river, mountain-fed,
Laughs while the sun warms overhead;
The thawing flats all spongy grow
In freshet time.

Drenched sedges trail with stems outspread
O'er drift-wood, water-logged and dead;
The field-mouse burrows deep below,
The wary musk-rat plunges low,
And willows turn from grey to red,
In freshet time.

The *Acta* also has articles on "Christian Socialism" and "Broken Harmonies in Thoughtful Life."

The November number of the *Manitoba College Journal* contains a good article by Dr. Bryce, entitled "First Quarter Century of the Dominion." Among other evidences of Canada's growth and "national endeavour," Dr. Bryce cites the brilliant galaxy of young poets who have arisen in Canada. He says:

"It may not be known to Canadians generally that we have in Canada at present a constellation of poets, with more true power, a loftier note of inspiration, and greater elegance of diction than is to be found in the United States. This pouring out of song is to us a sign and hopeful token of our national life in Canada.

"The England of Elizabeth wakened into life the muse of Edmund Spenser, after a poetic silence of nearly 200 years, and then for a quarter of a century England became 'a nest of singing birds,' as her commercial, sea-going, military, social and religious life grew strong.

"And so, perhaps, on a less heroic scale, but in a real way, the building of our Dominion, imperfectly as some of us may have appreciated it, has touched true chords in the hearts of our noblest spirits. We name the cluster of seven, who stand out most clearly before our eyes, and notice that all of them are between the ages of 31 and 33, and so have been entirely moulded and formed under our Dominion life. Further, we would say that it is not only in the notes these have sung, but in the fact that they, with others whose names and songs might well be mentioned, are the outcome of a hope and belief that Canada has a destiny worthy of the confidence of her sons."

The "seven" he mentions are: F. G. Scott, Archibald Lampman, Bliss Carman, E. Pauline Johnson, William W. Campbell, Chas. G. D. Roberts and Duncan C. Scott.

We may quote Bliss Carman's

CARNATIONS IN WINTER.

"Your carmine flakes of bloom to-night
The fire of wintry sunsets hold;
Again in dreams you burn to light
A far Canadian garden old.

The blue north summer over it
Is bland with long ethereal days;
The gleaming martins wheel and flit
Where breaks your sun down orient ways.

There, where the gradual twilight falls,
Through quietudes of dusk afar,
Hermit antiphonal hermit calls
From hills below the first pale star.

Then in your passionate love's foredoom
Once more your spirit stirs the air,
And you are lifted through the gloom
To warm the coils of her dark hair."

And also Campbell's "Ode to Thunder Cape."

"Storm-beaten cliff, thou mighty cape of thunder;
Rock-Titan of the North, whose feet the waves beat under
Cloud-reared, mist-veiled, to all the world a wonder,
Shut out in thy wild solitude asunder,
O! Thunder cape, thou mighty cape of storms!"

People seem to be just waking up to the fact that Canada has a literature to be proud of.

The *Peabody Record* comes to us from Nashville, Tenn. The contributions are mainly on literary subjects, such as Sidney Zanier, Mrs. Browning's Place Among Poets, A Half-Hour with Bacon, etc. It is a very readable production.

The Edinburgh *Student*. This is an interesting production. We learn that Edinburgh is working at a Song-book. So is McGill, but we will have to make haste or theirs will be out first. The *Student* does not present much in the way of contributed articles, but is mainly taken up with general University news.

Since last writing we have received the following periodicals:

The *Student* (Edinburgh), *Acta Victoriana*, *The Peabody Record*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Knox College Monthly*, *Queen's University Journal*.

A. G. N.

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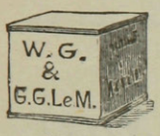

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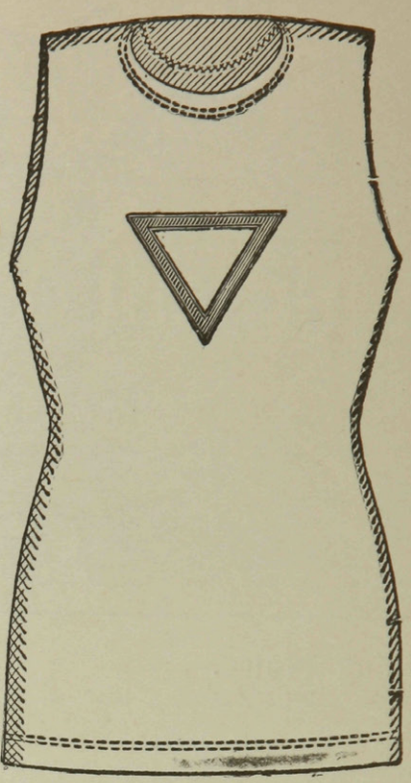

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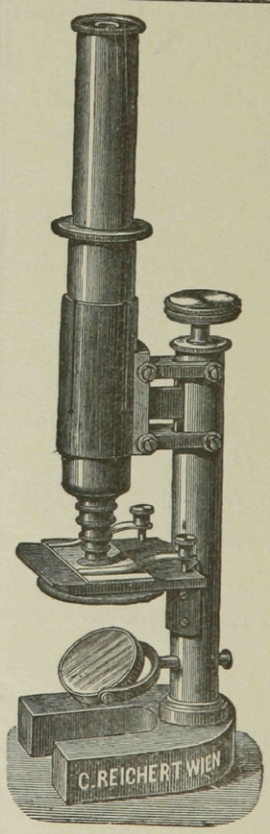

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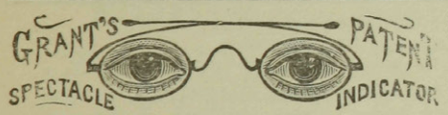

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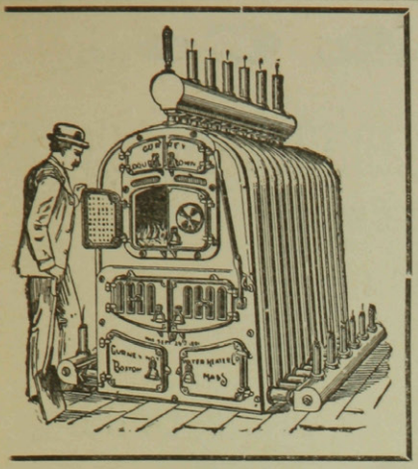

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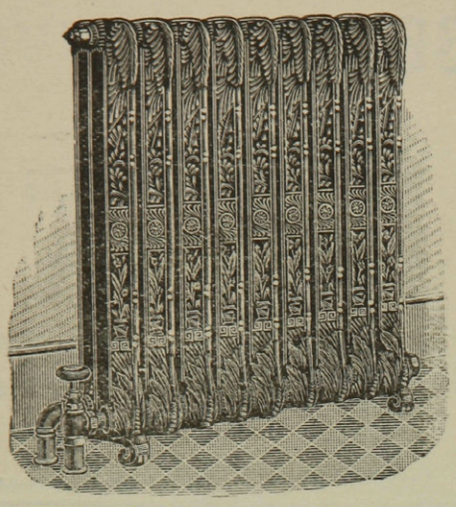

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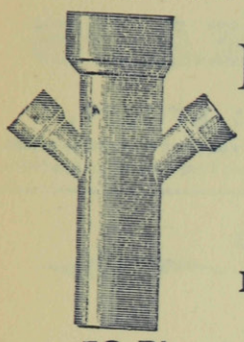

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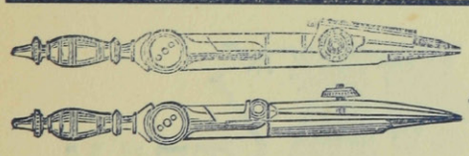

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